

A Potion for an Apothecary, Or, The Apothecaries portion,

This ditty doth Concern a matter Rare,
Ther's few or none may with the same Compare,
It may be term'd a Net, a Snare, or Iin
That's only set to catch young Wood-cocks in
Then let no silly bird here at be leering,
For when 'tis Sung you'l say 'tis worth the hearing.
To the tune of, Old flesh.



Of a gallant Apothecary
a story I will tell,
His carriage and behaviour
and what of him befell:
He was no silly Corcomb
nor he was no Country clown,
But he lived in famous London,
a place of high renowne,
He was active in his practise,
and skillfull of his trade,
And some women wd suppose him
to be a Bil-bow-blade,
He was witty in his speeches
and of qualities most rare,
Yet he like to a Wood-cock
was caught at unaware.
This brave young Pothecary
he lived bold of strife,
He stood in need of nothing,
but he wanted a rich wife:
And for that only purpose
he many plots have laid
To marry with some rich Widow:
or some wealthy Country Maid,
His pate it was more subtle
then any crafty For
But in the last conclusion
he was heyned like an Ore;
Now marke what followed after,
and you shall quickly heare.
How he like to a Wood-cock
was caught at vn-aware.
A Punk that liv'd in London
which had of wealth no store,
For all that she had got was
by playing of the Whore
She like a cunning Gyffe,
consulted with her Bawd
This brave Apothecary
to cozen and defraud:
Like a brave young Gentlewoman
that was in the Country bozne
In habit and attire
she wd her selfe adorne

Her Baud like to a servant,
did waite as may appeare,
And they caught the witty Wood-
cock,
And being so provided,
as true reports have said,
The Punk she was the Mistresse,
and the Bawd her waiting Maid,
They then tooke up their lodging
as it is known full well
Nere to the very place where
this brave young spark did dwell,
The mistresse said her selfe
to be sick with cold and Cistick
And sent to the Pothecary
cause he should give her Physick,
Who every day imployd her
with Pils, and such like geare,
But he like to a Wood-cock,
was caught at vn-aware.
The Apothecary often,
to the Gentlewoman came,
Who beholding of her favour,
said she was a handsome dame;
His heart within his belly,
with love was set on fire
But he knew not how nor which way
to compasse his desire:
And therefore in close secret,
to the Maid he told his mind,
Desiring of her favour
that she would be so kind
To speake a good word for him,
unto her Mistresse deare,
And he would well reward her
as you shall after heare.
The Maid reply'd unto him,
there is no way to win her,
Unlesse you doe invite her,
on Sunday next to dinner:
Whereby to make her merry,
and cast away all care
And feast her corps with Junkets
with Wine and with good Chere,

And when you all are frolick,
I will a question move
So that you thereby may know
whither she will hate or love:
These words of hers o'r joy'd him,
as it doth well appeare,
And at last the witty Wood-cock,
was caught in his own snare.
A dinner was provided
at the appointed day
And the Gentlewoman sent for
who came without delay,
In all her gay apparel
in such a stately manner
As if she were a Lady
with her Maid to waite upon her;
And being sat at dinner
in all her gallant bravery
The youngman nere mistrusted
of any point of knavery:
They ate, drank, and were merry;
having plenty of good cheere
But that same Sundaies dinner
cost the Apothecary deare.
Whilst they were in midst of pleasure
a man that was but poore,
Came on a hasty message,
and knocked at the doore
He brought with him a Letter
forth of the Country
Which to the Gentlewoman
must needs delivered be
When as she had received it
the messenger she paid
And gave the Apothecary
the letter for to read
Which letter prov'd his baine
as you presently shall heare
And how this witty Wood-cock
was caught in his own snare.

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The words that were written in the counterfeit Letter, as if they came from her Brother out of the Country were as followeth.

Sweet Sister I desire you to be patient and content, Though I this dolefull Letter and Messenger have sent whereby to give you notice your Father's dead and gone, And how he hath bestowed his Goods to every one of us that are his Children. which doth albe remaine, Note well what here is set down, the case is very plaine: He hath made me his Executor, as you may understand, And I am in possession of all my Fathers Land. To my second Brother Henry a Farm he did give. which is enough to maintaine him and his whilst he doth live, And to my Brother Edward, as plainly may appeare. He gave him for continuance two hundred pound a yeare: And you have for your Portion of Silber and of Gold, Fifteen hundred pound of Money as good as e're was told: Wherefore I pray good Sister come home and take your o'n, That ones part from another amongst us may be known.

Your Loving Brother,

When as this Gentle-woman had heard the Letter read. How that her aged Father was dead and buried. She sighed and she sobbed, she wept and made great moan Her Maids that waited on her fetcht many a heavy groan: The Apothecary seeing such floods of sorrowes fill,

Like a kind hen-hearted corcomb, the teares fell from his eyes, Now mark the last conclusion, and you shall quickly heare, How that this witty Wood-cock was caught at un-aware.

When sorrowes were past over, and mirth did fresh revive, They that were almost kild then became to be alive.

The Apothecary having a plodding cunning pate, He thought for to be doing before it was too late:

If he could wed the woman, these were his antick fetches, He was sure for to be Master of all her Gold and Riches:

And therewithall he wooed her without all wit or feare, And so this witleffe Wood-cock was caught in his owne snare.

But to be briefe in plain termes; the matter so was carryed, That they agreed together, and suddenly were married.

And for a little season they lived free from strife, For the likt well of her Husband and he likt of his Wife:

But in a short time after strange matters came to passe, And a sudden alteration betwixt this couple was.

He married her for lucre of riches as you heare, And so the simple Wood-cock was caught in his own snare.

When they had liv'd together three weeks or something more, This Gallant did provide f'r Country for to goe,

To see his wifes best friend there, that was his chiefest motion, And to receive the money which was left her for her portion:

And for his solid Journey so well he did provide, He bought new Boots & borrowed a Horse whereon to ride.

A Sword & Horse-mans Coat too he borrowed as I heare, And so into the Country he rid without wit or feare.

And thinking that his Wife had bin honest, true, and just, Altho which was his own Goods with her he left in trust.

so he coming to the place where his brother in law should dwell, Of such a manner of person there was never a one could tell:

And as for the old man which was said to be dead and gone, In all the Parish over of that name was never a one:

Wherefore he back returned to London as I heare, With a purse that held no money, and a heart fill'd full of care.

But when he came to London no Wife that he could find, Which was a greater crosse, and a trouble to his mind,

For she was run away with the Band which she cal'd her And with a Trump of hers (maids, which their heads together laid,

Wherefore the Apothecary in rage most deeply swore, That he was basely cozed by an old Baud & a young Whore:

And now his fellow Neighbors doth at him scoffe and jere, 'Cause he like to a V Woodcock was caught at un-aware.

You Whoozers and Watchelors if single men you be, We warn'd by the Apothecary and be rul'd awhile by me.

Chuse a Wife that's truly honest though she be ne're so pore, 'Tis better then a rich Wife, if she love to play the Whore:

The Lord will give a blessing to Truth and Honesty. (vers when thevs, whores, bauds & pan-may at Tyborn chance to dye.

Be heedfull in your chusing, and have a speciall care, Left like to silly Wood-cocks you be caught at un-aware.

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